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## THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE.

Slowly and wearily

We climb the mountain side,

Aiming to scale the heights;

All filled with manly pride.

Sliding unsteadily;

Our feet are tired and sore;

Snow all around us falls,

The winds and waters roar,

Gazing to depths below,

And then to yonder peak;

Steps seem to count for naught—

The thought "I can make us weak."

Still as we tread along,

We know we're gaining ground,

Views, now enlarge; become;

We scan the scene around.

Hours pass quite steadily,

The miles we make are few,

Yet, as we onward strive,

Our sight greets something new.

Sunshine, and wind a-d hail,

Clear sky through flakes of snow;

Nature is beautiful,

Above, around, below.

Peaks boy and peaks appear,

And near to the sky;

Slowly and wearily

We waken—could we but fly!

Just as the thought took wing,

An eagle promptly sailed

Far up above the peaks:

His graceful form we hailed.

Halting, we tribute paid.

The King of higher realm;

Lovingly praised his flight—

"What power is in that beak!

Man, when he floats in air,

At mercy of each breeze,"

Meets thee, and thou dost scoff

And taunt him, with thy ease;

Euros and Zephyrus,

And Boreas, Notes—all,

Mock at his wingless form,

And strive to make him fall.

Pleading, and struggling hard,

Thy secret to obtain;

He fear will be a dumb,

The secret must remain.

Fate charged thee not to speak,

And bade us not to fly;

May we not baffle gifts?

On! Ask the gods on high.

Fly, noble bird to earth,

And name thy secret's price;

Men will that jewel buy,

"Though death come in a trice."

Ah! How he earns our pities!

He flies toward the sun,

Soaring as if to win;

His flight had just begun.

Higher, and up he sails,

Our sight seems poor and weak,

Failing till lost to earth;

With gods he now might speak!

Oh! What a glorious boon

That noble bird enjoys!

Free from the cares we bear,

His freedom naught alloys.

"Eagle, thy tongue shall speak,

Thy secret must be found;

Man shall be King of air,

Of sea, and solid ground."

AMERSE.

Salt Lake City, November 10th, 1883.

## PMIA SMIGGINS.

Is Again to the Front With a Batch of Complaints.

Editors Herald:

When I last visited your beautiful and far-famed city, I had the privilege of your columns to express my views on the subject of dancing parties, which called forth some retaliating remarks from a young man, whose kangaroo movements, short coat and tight pantaloons had rendered him a butt for ridicule. I am not here in the capacity of a "reformer," however, as I understand you have had several here of that class, whose influence on society has not been quite up to standard rates, so I do not thirst for notoriety in that direction. But I generally keep at least one eye open as I travel around, and if by a judicious application of the pin of sarcasm I can puncture a folly, or by a kindly jest I can cure a foible, I take delight in using those acknowledged weapons of social warfare, and thus supplying a moral lesson and a newspaper article at the same time. Whether my young friend of dancing-dude proclivities, will take up the journalistic cudgel and figuratively waltz into print again, of course I am not prepared to say, but he can depend on it if he does I shall be on hand to ward off the blow, and give his Dudical Highness something to do for his money.

I see that you western people are still under the necessity of participating in certain religious or irreligious rites, whether you "sympathize" or not. I refer to the daily sacrifices offered up on the altar of a vicious appetite, by the lovers of tobacco. I do not wish to infer that we are free from it in the east, for I presume we have everything you have that is bad, although we sometimes vary the names a little. But I was surprised to find young men and even little boys smoking cigars and cigarettes on your street cars. I rode on one the other day—a car I mean. One young fellow, with a very white face and a very red necktie, was jeopardizing his prospective mustache by sucking a brief stump of what smelled to me like a decaying vegetable. True, the close proximity of the fire of the cigar to the head of the youth may have caused the odor of scorched cabbage to fill the car, but I imputed the odoriferous fragrance of which I was the involuntary inhale for about ten blocks, to the ingredients of the stump which seemed to be so much relished by the lps that held it in an affectionate embrace, and which had become livid through licking the tawny "sweetmeat."

"Why do the drivers permit such a nuisance?" I inquired of a gentleman who stood near me, (for I perceive that only ladies sit in your street cars, and manage to occupy all the seats pretty well too.) "Why do they allow smoking on your cars?"

"Oh," he replied, "it is only allowed on the platform."

"Yes, but," said I, "the doors are frequently opened to admit and unload passengers; and besides, the smoke finds its way through the joints and cracks in the doorways, and becomes very unpleasant and unwholesome too, I should think."

"Well," said the gentleman, "it is one of the things we have to put up with, rather than appear exacting and become obnoxious. Now there's the 'small boy' nuisance. These little fellows will climb on the hind end of the car in swarms; they pay no fare, smear up the railing with their dirty, sticky hands, stare at the passengers, cheek those who interfere with them, and a lady can scarcely squeeze through the motley crowd when she desires to alight. No one complains openly, because 'what's everybody's business is nobody's,' and as we live here the nuisance continues unabated, rather than to cause offense."

"But why do not the drivers and officials see to it? It would not be allowed in thickly populated cities, where it would be more excusable."

"Well, I don't know, unless it is that no one brings it to their notice." "If that's the case," said I, they will soon hear of it, for I will refer to it in one of my communications, and as I don't live here, they won't get offended at me."

Since the above conversation, I have been thinking. We blame the gentlemen for selfishness, but after all we excel them in this vice of morality. Why is it that a gentleman, and especially if he be a workman, can never or seldom sit down in a street car, when there are a few ladies on the seat? I have seen three gentlemen rise to give a lady a seat, but if a gentleman enters the car, although the car may be only partially filled with ladies, no one moves to the right or left, to accommodate the new arrival.

We often hear of the maxim "When one lady rises two gentlemen sit down," but we never see such a thing, because the lady never rises and the gentlemen never sit down—in a street car. I have thought that a lady might at least have her children stand, to make room for a passenger, even if that passenger was a gentleman. But sometimes a mother and her lovely family will occupy a whole tier of seats, and a row of gentlemen stand and look on with haggard countenances. When the conductor comes in he conscientiously collects a fare from each standing gent, while the lady conscientiously pays one fare for her entire family. In some places east no one is allowed to stand, and the conductor invariably sees that each person pays who occupies a seat, whether child or adult. Your conductors may be more modest than ours, but the order to "close up" would soon be given among us if we were to spread our skirts and try to look pretty, while tired men stood and looked on.

As the car was drawn along by the rules which looked so strong, and all the seats seemed full of passengers. A poor old tired chap, who hung upon a strap, thus delivered himself to all the bims and heres; My ladies fair and gay, I have labored all the day, Until my bones and muscles sorely ache; While you have jaunted out, Or idly set about, Endeavoring your quiet ease to take The gentlemen I see From censure here are free, For none of them do occupy a seat. But O, ye ladies fair, Who are a sitting there, Would one of ye just stand upon your feet?

At this a lady rose, As you may well suppose, To let the poor old gentleman sit down, When to my great surprise, No one did need to rise, For all could sit who had been standing round.

Yours for rest and fresh air, PMIA SMIGGINS.

## EXCITED CELESTIALS.

Mad Mongolians Want the Lights and Liver of Jim Lung.

"For ways that are dark And tricks that are vain The Heathen Chinese is peculiar."

HERALD readers will doubtless remember that not long ago a Chinaman, sailing under the euphonious sobriquet of Jim Lung, and purporting to speak for the entire resident Chinese population of the town, asked the City Council, by petition, to select a spot of ground in the suburbs, where the wash-houses of his people might be permitted to flourish under their own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or smell the effluvia. It may also be called to mind that this petition, among other things, attempted to give a scientific analysis of the ingredients of common soap; to prove that when exposed to the elements in the form of wash house refuse, there was nothing so deadly, and wound up with the modest request—inasmuch as those more immediately interested were entirely willing, and for the general health of the people—that the Chinese be required to prosecute the soap and water portion of their business in a locality remote from the haunts of men.

The sentiment of this petition was universally applauded, as it had for its object the abolishment of one of the greatest nuisances, from a sanitary standpoint, with which the city is afflicted, and all citizens congratulated each other in the assurance that an evil which, if allowed to continue, threatened to breed a pestilence in the very air,

was to be speedily, peaceably and effectually abated, and that too by and with the consent of the evil-breeder themselves. The committee who reported on the subject, in sympathy with the general impulse and recognizing the necessity of a regular wash-house exodus, recommended that a suitable place be chosen at once.

Two or three weeks then elapsed, and the public had no more than cast the subject into the waste basket of forgetfulness, so to speak, than it was surprised one bright Wednesday morning, to read in THE HERALD that another petition on the same subject had been submitted to the Council, the nature of which could not be considered to be in the strictest harmony with its more acceptable predecessor. In brief, in this second manifesto all the copper-colored menials of soap-suds and opium within the commonwealth, proclaimed to the public in general and Mr. Lung in particular, that the impression relative to their being united in a common desire to emigrate to the environs and there to prosecute their "washee, washee," to use the suggestive and rhythmic parlance of one of the petitioners, was all "boshee, boshee." Furthermore they went on to say that so far from being in sympathy with the "move," they were diametrically and "allee timey samey" opposed to the idea, and concluded with the gentle insinuation that if Jim Lung and his co-agitators desired to be consigned to the solitude of the Jordan swamps, they were not aware that any of them would offer any serious objections. The committee in reporting upon the latter communication, stated that no new circumstances or conditions, to their knowledge, had arisen since the former report, and therefore reaffirmed their previous determination that "the Chinese must go."

It has taken all the time intervening between the acceptance of this final report on Tuesday evening last until yesterday, for the Chinamen to ascertain that they had been "sat down upon," but immediately the intimation came to them, Jack Fong, the leader of the opposition party, and head signer of the remonstrance to the removal, immediately dropped his wash-board, rolled down his flowing sleeves, and went over to the "Caddy Hall to see about it." Jack runs a wash house a couple of doors east of the theatre, and from a weather-beaten sign which is fastened over his front door, the passer-by may learn, if he chooses to look, that this is a "Good Laundry." He has been in Utah as long, perhaps, as any other Chinaman here, and has made and lost a number of small fortunes in the various mining camps in the mountains surrounding this valley. He is quite literary in his tastes, always having a shop full of Chinese newspapers, some of which are published in California and others hailing clear from the land of his nativity. He can also read and write a little English and is often called to act as interpreter in police court trials wherein his brother heathens are concerned. By reason of these varied and versatile accomplishments Jack wields considerable influence among his fellow Celestials, which very naturally puffs him up with pride to the extent that he wears riveted overalls and sits in the first circle at the theatre.

When Jack appeared yesterday morning about 7 o'clock at the City Hall, he had a pale, anxious look upon his Mongolian countenance and a much worn, badly soiled SEATTLE WEEKLY HERALD clasped tightly in his clenched but quivering hand. He waited till the man who is let out of jail long enough to clean up the offices, had made four fires, and then presenting the paper to him, in a husky voice demanded an explanation. The utility man was unable to give the requisite satisfaction, being a deaf and dumb Danishman, and so the irate son of Shem, (or was it Ham, or maybe Japhet) returned to his wash tub, and took his revenge out on an oblivious gentleman's linen.

Later in the day Jack found sufficient of a crowd of police court idlers disengaged to give him a hearing, and so clearing his throat and looking as homely as a pile of adobe, he produced the tattered remnant of a newspaper and asked what it meant. Upon being told that the City Council stated in the paper that all the Chinamen must vacate, and there was no help for it, Jack fell to execrating the cause of all the trouble, viz: his fellow-countryman, Jim Lung, and intimated in the course of his remarks, which however were heated, and should be taken with allowance, that certain white "Mellican men" had given Jim Lung money to sign that first petition to the City Council; that Jim was a bad character and smoked opium all the time; that he never did any work, but had recently had plenty of money and none of the other Chinamen knew where he got it. He said further that the Chinamen were all very angry at Jim Lung, held meetings every night, and some of them had threatened to kill Jim Lung.

The question now arises, if the statement of Jack Fong is correct, what possible inducement could there be for any "Mellican man" to offer a Chinaman money to sign a petition for the removal of wash houses from the center of the city. One of two things is certain: a man who would take the trouble to do such a thing, is either a great philanthropist or an arrant rogue.

SHUN ORNMENTS AND LOTIONS for skin diseases, cuts, sprains, bruises, etc., and use GLENN'S SUN-BURN SOAP. HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE, Black or Brown, 5c.

## Montana Constitutional Election.

The following is the total vote cast for each candidate for delegate to the Montana State Constitutional convention in the precincts of Butte, Centerville, Brewery, Schuene, Centerville, Walkerville, Depot and Melrose. The precincts yet to hear from are Meaderville, Silver Bow and Divide. It will be seen that an attorney formerly residing in Salt Lake, Stephen De Wolfe, is among those called and chosen. For the details of this election we are indebted to the Miner:

DEM.	REP.
Dixon.....1130	Mills.....814
Clark.....1276	Knowles.....854
Daly.....1227	Medhurst.....1028
Thornton.....1238	Dolan.....606
Napton.....1034	Randolph.....819
Pemberton.....1131	Reynolds.....761
De Wolfe.....884	Pinkham.....609

As it is now pretty well understood that Medhurst is ineligible to the office of Delegate on the score of citizenship, it will be seen that Colonel De Wolfe is elected, being the next highest on the list. Mr. Medhurst received a very flattering vote, and if he were a citizen of the United States he would no doubt have served in the Constitutional convention. Unless the returns yet to come in materially alter the votes as given above, Colonel De Wolfe will form one of the Silver Bow county delegation to the Constitutional convention, thus making the delegation solidly Democratic.

## The Grand Cash.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 10th, '83.

Editors Herald:

It is my misfortune not to have reverend nor professor prefixed to my name. Nor am I the editor and publisher of a Christian paper. Nor do I run an educational institution or a book store. But, nevertheless and notwithstanding, I appreciate the utility of cash in hand. It is decidedly good to take, when anybody will be so good as to hand it over. Do you think I could manage to make a big business show and then to make a grand smash of it to the tune of \$60,000 or so? Or could I send a pious begging letter around and thereby raise a small matter of \$10,000, be the name a trifle more or less, on the pious plea that I was attacking some gigantic wrong? Is there any other pious and plausible way in which I could raise a few thousand dollars of very hard cash from charitable and confiding folk? I would do good with it, sure, and don't you believe to the contrary. Now where are the good and generous people? If they are ready to hand over the money for a good purpose, I am sure I am quite ready to receive it.

U. B. E. T.

## Valuable Mining Discovery.

Parties in town from "Dixie" report the discovery of an immensely large vein of lead carbonates in the "Land o' the Vine and the Fig." The new find is situated on the divide between a place known as the Beaver Dams, and St. George, and about thirty-five miles southwest from the latter place. Several pieces of the ore are now on exhibition at the White House and at Hopper's Wagon shop in this city. The ore vein is reported as being fifteen feet in width, and traceable by its outcrop for a distance of several thousand feet in length. The vein shows so far as surface indications are concerned every appearance of a well-defined fissure vein. Assays made on the ore give a result of 20 ounces silver, a trace of gold, and 70 per cent lead per ton. Several locations have been made on this ledge, and prominent persons in this city, so says report, have acquired an interest. That there is a section of country in the southern part of our common Territory exceedingly rich in minerals is beyond question—a railroad will tell the tale.

## Thieving in American Fork.

They seem to have an expert thief in American Fork. A few days ago—Wednesday—\$15 in gold was stolen from the cash box of the Utah Central agent there. Mr. Cope went south on Friday to investigate, and the result, though new developments were made, was very unsatisfactory. It was learned that on the 28th of last month \$67 was stolen from the house of a party in American Fork and about a week later, on the 30th of November, \$75 was stolen from the trunk of a young man living in the same house. Then followed the theft of the Utah Central cash box. There was silver in the box, but the fellow was rather particular and did not touch it. Up to the present there is no idea as to the thief.

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